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to w, contains some very careful details, patiently studied.

No. 300. "Cherries," by Miss V. Granberry. Well arranged and carefully painted.

No. 305. "In Memoriam," by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, falls far below the gentleman's best picture. We notice in Mr. Hennessy's pictures this year that he is beginning to ignore the existence of eyes in the human head, a practice which has become quite common with some figure-painters of late, and of which we shall have more to say presently.

No. 309. "Portrait," by Mr. F. Angero. A very fine portrait, good both in drawing and color.

No. 312. "The last of the Ice," by Mr. C. G. Griswold. We should not have noticed this picture, had not our attention been particularly called to it by many very favorable comments. We are always sorry to disparage the works of a young artist, but it would, perhaps, be better for Mr. Griswold if some of the faults of this picture were presented to his notice. In the first place, it shows a great want of patient study and labor; it does not represent truthfully either fog, rain, mist, or any other known condition of the atmosphere; it contains no color whatever, and impresses us with no sentiment whatever—it is simply gray paint. Mr. Griswold might study with advantage Mr. Kensett's picture of "Lake George" (234), which has been hung as a pendant to his own, and in which he will see what may be done with gray tones by the hand of a master.

R. S.

DRAMATIC REVIEW.

On Monday night of last week "David Copperfield" was produced at the Olympic, and made a decided "hit." The dramatization is by Mr. Rowe, who has succeeded in making it a highly interesting and amusing play, and if his "Our Mutual Friend," which is shortly to be produced at this theater, is but as good, it will, without doubt, create a sensation. Mr. Rowe's performance of Micawber is not as good as his dramatization of the play. The late Mr. Burton's performance of this part is too fresh in the minds of of theater-goers for them to be satisfied with anything which does not come up to that most admirable piece of character acting. This Mr. Rowe does not do. The part is funny, to a certain extent, and the make up is excellent; but then the broad, genial humor with which Burton was wont to invest it is wanting. Notwithstanding all this, there are, however, good points in the performance, and Mr. Rowe has probably improved upon it since the first evening, when his anxiety as author, and several hitches which occurred during the evening, threw him off his balance considerably.

The two great successes of the play are Mr. Stoddard's Uriah Heap and Mr. Morton's Ham—the low, fawning scoundrel, and the bluff, honest fisherman—are drawn to the life. It is positively delightful to see two such thoroughly natural pieces of acting.

Of the other characters in the play, little need be said. Miss Eliza Newton's Mrs. Micawber is funny, but over-drawn; Miss Kate Newton's Emily is very sweetly and naturally played; Mr. Studley's Peggotty is good in many respects, and very bad in others; if this gentleman would only get over his blood and thunder melodramatic proclivities, he would make a most excellent actor. I would beg to suggest to Messrs. Boniface and

Garrison that Steerforth and David Copperfield were both supposed to be gentlemen, and as such it is to be imagined that they would dress as gentlemen, and not as Bowery "b'hoys."

Mrs. John Wood took her farewell benefit at the Olympic last Friday night, and it is needless to say that the house was crowded to overflowing with her many admirers. Mrs. Wood is an actress whom it is next to impossible to replace on the New York stage. Full of life, vivacity and humor, she irresistibly attracted every one toward her, and to see her in burlesque was about as near the perfection of human happiness and delight as it is possible to get.

"She was a lady,
Take her all in all, I ne'er shall look upon her like again."

But "every dark cloud has its bright silver lining," the silver lining in this case is the hope that she may shortly return to delight us once more with the sight of her merry, laughing face. That happiness and prosperity may be her handmaidens wherever she may go, is the devout wish of

SHUGGE.

REGINA.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

O wealth of lustrous raven hair,
O eyes so deeply, darkly blue,
O lips that shame the sunset's red,
O cheeks that wear the peach-like hue!
O voice so tender, clear and low,
It seems some dove's soft cooing song
In music-murmurs to her mate,
The cool, green, shady trees among.

O form so round, so full, so dear,
Yet slender as the graceful fawn;
So supple in its tender lines,
By Nature's cunning finger drawn:
So lithe, that ev'ry movement seems
As instinct with poetic flow;—
A sensuous charm, yet free from earth
As angel's foot-prints in the snow.

O rich young heart! O golden prize!
O unexplored, yet priceless mine!
Whose worth 's untold and all unknown,
Whose hidden wealth, who shall divine?
For him alone the prize should be,
Who brings as offerings to thy shrine,
Unsuited honor, perfect faith,
And heart as fresh and pure as thine.

I know not if this wealth of love,
My torn heart poureth out to thee,
Shall win thy dower of beauty rare—
Unlock thy heart's deep mystery?
With faltering soul I scan again
The pages of my past career,
Hoping 'gainst hope, that I may find
The record worthy, pure and clear.

Still, if I win thee for my own,
Thy life shall know of no unrest,
The tenderness of all my soul,
Shall fold thee in a blessed rest.
And life, so changeful at the best—
A turbid and a tortuous stream—
Shall be to thee a long, long joy,
An endless, happy, loving dream.

CONCERTS.

CONCERT FOR THE ORPHANS OF CHARLESTON, S. C., AT IRVING HALL.

This Concert, like its predecessor, suffered from the great disaster which occurred on Monday night last, not only in the attendance but also from natural effect upon artists who volunteered for a charitable occasion. Senorita Poch made a mistake in attempting "Il Baccio," transposed so as to fit her vocal means, for such a radical change robs Ardit's best song of its brilliant and taking character. With the cavatina from "Il Trovatore," she was more successful, her upper notes being taken with unusual decision and clearness, while she moderated her accustomed extravagance in vocalization materially. Miss Antonia F. Henne produced a very favorable impression by Mrs. Norton's "O take me back to Switzerland," her soprano being clear and sweet, quite flexible and fairly delivered. The Cavatina she gave rather detracted from that pleasing evidence of her vocal culture being as yet beyond her reach. Signor Mazzolini, on that as on the previous evening, appeared not to be in free command of his voice, in fact, unwell, as might be expected after his alarm of Monday night, his house having been threatened with destruction. He was on both occasions obliged to drive his voice to get tone, and so disabled from that command of color and gracing, light and shade, he really possesses in a remarkable degree. Verdi's "L'Esule," did not give him so fair a chance as the Ballata from *Rigoletto*, although presenting grand points for any tenor who desired to make a reputation.

His presentment of Verdi's "Ballata," was so gracious and masterly that enthusiasm ran high even to repeated calling out, which he, knowing his own distress, refused to recognize beyond deferential recognition. Mr. S. P. Warren's very brief organ solo, afforded him no credit with judges of good organ playing. Mr. Henry Mollenhauer's solo was clever. Miss Toedt's violin solos equalled in critical estimation her best displays upon that instrument and Mr. Joseph Poznanski's piano-forte solos were more acceptable in manner, smoothness, and general accuracy of execution than any performance he yet has given here.

The newly organized Beethoven Manner-choir made a good show with very limited means. Their performance was highly creditable to a choir of sixteen to eighteen voices, and the leader evidently knows what he is about.

SIGNOR FOSSATI'S BENEFIT MATINEE.

The operatic matinee announced by Signor Fossati for Wednesday morning, at Wallack's Theater, and postponed on account of the sickness of Mlle. De Gebele, took place last Friday at 3 o'clock. The house was not crowded, but was well filled by a very fashionable and intelligent audience. The programme consisted of two acts of an unpublished opera, composed by Signor Antonio Barili, called "Una Noche en Sevilla," which was performed entire in Mexico with great success. It would be utterly unfair to pass any judgment upon this work of Signor Barili's from the programme of yesterday. The orchestra was so bad that we can scarcely understand how Mr. Barili could have heard their abominable and disreputable bungling and still keep his seat. Of the overture we can only judge by its subjects in their mere outline—for there was no

filling out through the incapacity of the players. These are certainly clever, varied in character and offering good contrast. We think the form is somewhat faulty, caused by the number of subjects, which necessitates several anti-climaxes. The opening chorus is popular in its character, and the duo of Orphan Children is truly charming in its melody, is full of the true Spanish character. This duo is a gem. The Romanza for soprano, sang with much spirit by Mme. De Lussan, is a clever and brilliant member, and received much applause. The duo for contralto and bass is also a well made and characteristic composition, and was well sung by Mlle. De Gebele and Signor Fossati.

The Tenor Romanza, by Mr. Farley, is a very beautiful subject, and was sung by that gentleman in a very chaste and admirable manner, but Mr. Farley lacks very much in impulse and dash. The quartette, which closes the act, is one of the very best compositions in the opera. It is full of variety, very melodious, well harmonized, and full of effective counterpoint.

The prelude of the second act is melodious in outline, and if the orchestration had been filled out by competent players, it might have proved acceptable. As it was it appeared too frivolous. The Soldiers' Chorus is a very spirited and melodious movement, and had it been sung with more power it would have been encored, as the composition deserved. The Serenade and duo, for tenor and basso, is both well made and effectively contrasted. The Serenade is very sweet and melodious, and the bass solo is very quaint and characteristic. It was so well sung by Mr. Farley and Signor Fossati that it gained a hearty encore. The concluding duo, soprano and tenor, is a very charming and effective composition, and was exceedingly well sung.

The work, as we have said before, is full of talent. It is melodious, musicianly, and its sentiment is quite true in character. We judge that it is well instrumented, but the performance was so execrable that every idea of the composer was bemuddled in the most wonderful manner. We hope to hear the entire opera performed before long in a manner commensurate with its merits.

The second part opened with a symphony by Prof. Janotta. Our descriptive powers fail in the endeavor to portray the character of this work. It is no more a symphony than it is a cachuela, and it is no more a cachuela than it is an oratorio. It is, in fact, one of the most commonplace pot-pourris that we ever heard, and was really an insult to the public, when presented with so much pretentious assumption. It contains nothing worthy of putting upon paper, and we are afraid that even the charm of faultless white kids will not save it from the contempt it justly merits.

Signor Fossati sang throughout like the excellent artist he is, and we trust that his benefit matinee proved a financial success.

PROF. COMINGIO GAGLIANO'S CONCERT.

At his concert on Tuesday evening, 22d inst., at Irving Hall, Prof. Gagliano introduced an instrument upon which he performed with great dexterity and grace. This instrument is simply a box of glasses, tuned by the introduction of water, to the various intervals of the scale. It is absurd to call this instrument new, for we heard a similar one played upon in London thirty-five years ago. The tones are produced by keeping the fingers moist, and passing them over the rims of the glasses in a

certain manner, to accomplish which, with delicacy and certainty, requires long and patient practice. The tones produced are of an exquisitely melodious quality, and are susceptible of a positive and beautiful crescendo. Prof. Gagliano has acquired unerring skill in the manipulation of these glasses, producing the tones with promptness and rapidity, executing delicate cadenzas and double notes and throwing over all a more delicate and exquisite grace and expression than we thought possible to produce from such an instrument. Nothing more beautiful than the tones produced can well be imagined, and the performance seemed to give the greatest satisfaction to the audience, for every piece was not only warmly applauded, but loudly encored. The Professor should, however, be more particular in tuning his glasses, for nearly all the upper tones were exceedingly flat, which militated greatly against our personal enjoyment. The novelty, however, is really a most pleasing one, and under the skillful hands of the Professor, cannot fail to delight all who listen to its bewitching tones. We should advise that, at the next performance, a square piano forte shall be used, for tones of the grand piano are altogether too loud for combination with the delicate intonations of the "Cassa Armonica."

Mlle. Artolani sang the aria from "La Sonnambula" very brilliantly and effectively, and did full justice to her share of the concerted music. Signor Antonucci sang with excellent taste, using his very fine voice with judgment and effect.

Signor Mazzoleni, the tenor glorioso of the Maretzek company, mistakes the area of Irving Hall for that of the late Academy of Music. He uses the same for both places, but what was effective in the Academy amounts to positive shouting in Irving Hall. Besides, stage and concert singing are essentially different in their requirements. In the concert-room we expect more grace, more delicacy and more artistic refinement, and Signor Mazzoleni, with his bountiful gift, would do well to study these requirements if he would sustain a first-class position as a concert singer. Signor Gagliano will soon announce another concert.

THE GREAT ORPHEONIST SINGING FESTIVAL.

This great Festival will take place next Friday and Saturday afternoons, June 1st and 2d, at one o'clock, at the Cooper Institute. In addition to the hundreds of children and grand orchestra, the famous artists Signora Boschetti, Signor Orlandini, Mr. S. B. Mills, Mr. R. Goldbeck will lend their valuable assistance. Mr. Theodore Thomas and Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins will conduct, the whole Festival being under the direction of Mr. Hopkins.

ENGLISH OPERA—FRENCH THEATRE.

The success of the English Opera Company has proved very decided, and the new opera, "Doctor Alcantara," will be repeated during the next week.

THE MIRROR OF THE TIMES.

This new weekly paper, to be published shortly in Boston, by W. S. Sanford & Co., promises to be a brilliant addition to our newspaper literature. It will have a host of brilliant writers, and will give to each of its subscribers a splendid engraving, containing the portraits of the most celebrated writers of America and England. The publishers seem to have the right go-ahead spirit, and will doubtless make a brilliant paper.

DEVOTION.

[Suggested by an incident of the late fire at the Academy of Music.]

BY GEO. W. FORTMEYER.

The curtain fell, and Fashion's throng
Had gaily left the house of song
In solitude unbroken!
Save by some sweet, delicious strain
That lingered yet, to woo again
With sweeter notes unspoken!

Ah! who in all the giddy throng
That listened but one hour ago,
Enraptured with delight!
To GAZZANIGA's voice, can tell
Whither, as sounds the deep-toned bell,
The Fire-king walks to-night?

But soon a red glare lights the sky!
No longer hid in mystery
The Fire-king's throne remains!
Where reigned the Queen of Song before,
He sits, as with a sullen roar,
Mount high the lurid flames!

He paints the sky with brilliant light!
And into day transforms the night!
And laughs with fiendish glee!
As e'en the startled birds arise
And watch with wonder-straining eyes,
Heaven's red canopy!

Why are they lured from their sweet rest?
Why have they left, each one its nest,
And hither swiftly flown?
Midst roaring flame, and blinding light!
To whirl aloft in circling flight,
Around the Fire-king's throne?

Not in his praise, midst fire and flame,
Does each pour forth its purest strain,
In sweet melodic flow!
No! not for this, each little throat
Yields up its song in one wild note!
And lifeless, falls below!

They only come, methinks, this hour
From shady tree, and rose-clad bower
To sing their sweetest strains,
At Music's shrine, now wrapp'd in fire!
And sacrificed to song, expire!
Amidst the dancing flames!

What sadder mem'ry can belong
Unto the spot, where sweetest song
Once charm'd the list'ning ear?
Not one, a sadder pow'r retains
Than those sweet songsters' dying strains,
To start the glist'ning tear!

A WONDERFUL aquarium is springing up at Boulogne under the eye and direction of M. Edouard Betencourt, a Boulogne artist. The extreme altitude of the rocks will be about seventy feet above the plateau, and the caverns underneath will have at least twelve feet to fourteen feet headway, wherein will be a series of reservoirs, into which sun and air are admitted through admirably conceived fissures, and in which specimens of fish, mollusca, crustacea, &c., the produce of the Channel and the Mediterranean, will be found.